THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Here and There.

MESSRS. Chapman and Hall, with proper feeling and discretion, have declined to permit "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" to be continued by any inferior hand.

The sale of Mr. Charles Dickens' pictures, drawings, and objects of art, will take place at the rooms of Christie and Manson, on the 9th July next. Among the pictures will be found fine examples of Maclise, Webster, Stanfield, Frith, Leslie, and Sir David Wilkie.

The temperature on Thursday reached 86·7 deg. in the shade.

The National Dog Show, held for the first time in the Crystal Palace, has been a great success. A thousand dogs were shown, a thousand pounds distributed in prizes, and many thousands of visitors came, saw, heard, and smelt nothing to speak of. The arrangements were excellent: a fact which, considering the difficult character of the material to be dealt with, speaks volumes for the patience and talent of the management. Mr. Bowley should have been called for; the scene was a most appropriate one on which to make a Bow—wow.

Mr. Hare's benefit on Tuesday was stuffed with all the current delicacies of the season. If anything, there were too many courses. But few could quarrel with a *carte* which included our own Hare and everybody's Wig—an.

The traditional story of Lady Godiva was commemorated at Coventry, on Monday, with the usual grand historical procession. Her ladyship, who formed the central figure of a long and motley cavalcade, was attired in skin tights and a short petticoat. A little more clothing than is warranted by history, which, if we recollect rightly, after the manner of good history, left nothing to the imagination.

The most unpopular "names" in the Sheldonian Theatre, on Tuesday, were those of Mr. Bright, Mr. Lowe, Professor Goldwin Smith, Mr. Beales (M.A.), and Sir John Coleridge. Three persons, guilty respectively of the crimes of a white coat, a green tie, and a straw hat, were repeatedly admonished in a forcible manner.

A grand regimental ball was given on Tuesday evening, in the hall of Lincoln's-inn, by Col. Cuninghame and the officers of the Inns of Court Volunteers. It was the first ball ever held in Lincoln's-inn, and the absence of gas compelled the committee of management to resort to the old-fashioned expedients of candles and oil. The light, though amply sufficient, was consequently more subdued than that of ordinary ball-rooms, and it brought out with peculiar effect the characteristic architecture of the building. Nearly 2,000 candles were used. Two splendid banks of flowers were placed in the vestibule, but otherwise the fine hall required no decoration. The timber roof showed to great advantage. There were about 1,400 guests, but the crowd was almost too great to admit of dancing with any degree of comfort. Several of the judges, the Solicitor-General, and other distinguished law officers, however, executed various legal and forensic steps which were much admired. The "Blue Bag" quadrille, in which each couple held one of those graceful appendages, was one of the most successful efforts of the evening; a *pas de deux*, in wigs and robes, between the Lord Chief Justice and the Lord Chief Baron, was also much applauded. The Lord Chancellor's artistic hornpipe, in which he leads suitors such an amazing dance, is too well known to need description.

On Thursday morning the remains of Lord Arthur Pelham Clinton were buried in the cemetery at Christchurch, Hants. The body was followed to the grave by the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Thomas Clinton, Mr. W. H. Roberts (solicitor to the deceased), and Dr. Wade. Lord Arthur Clinton would have completed his 30th year yesterday. He was the third son of the late Duke of Newcastle. At an early age he entered the navy, and served on board her Majesty's ship Revenge, obtaining his commission as lieutenant in 1861. During the Indian Mutiny Lord Arthur served under Captain Sir William Peel in the Naval Brigade, and his name was frequently favourably mentioned in the dispatches, two gold clasp medals being awarded him for his services. In 1865 he was elected without opposition member for Newark with Mr. Grosvenor Hodgkinson, and he retained his seat until the dissolution of the last Parliament.

At the next general meeting of the Jockey Club, Lord George Manners will propose that in future all the Newmarket race meetings shall commence on Tuesday, and that the consent of the subscribers to the few existing engagements for Monday, 1871-72, shall be asked to postpone those races till the next day.

At Lyons, on Sunday, during the preliminary before the Grand Prix, an English sportsman, whose instinct, though not his French, was International, and who wished to lay against Blue Gown, cried aloud, "Je parie *sur-le champ!*" Truly, as was observed, "un parieur très pressé!"

On the day old Lord X. married his cook it rained cats and dogs. "Thoroughly appropriate weather," whispered the bestman to a bridesmaid: "Dripping everywhere!"

The largest salmon of modern times was lately caught in the Tay by Mr. Speedie, the well-known tacksman of Perth. He just touched the scale at 70 lbs.; his length was 4 ft. 5 in.; girth, 2 ft. 7·2 in. He was worth, at wholesale price, £9 12*s.* 6*d.*

The following frenzied advertisment appeared in the *Times* of the 21st inst.:—"WOOLOOMOOLOO shout rapidly and royally. Varmint all Vanished, Impetuous Popsey impecunious." A large sum will be given for a *carte de visite* of the author.

"The Crimes of the Aristocracy. By a Discharged Footman. Price one penny." Here is a pretty dish to set before the Commons. It will scarcely be credited, but it is a fact, that this thing is hawked about the Strand daily by little boys who imagine, we trust, that "Aristocracy" is Greek for Brigands.

M. d'Andrimont, ex-burgomaster of Liege, who so liberally extended his hospitality to the British Volunteers during their visit to Belgium last year, has arrived in London, He intends to pay a brief visit to the manufacturing districts in the North of England, and will return to London to be present at the annual meeting of the Volunteers at Wimbledon.

On Tuesday a man was found lying on the pavement in one of the streets of Bury St. Edmund's in a helpless condition. He was placed in a cart and carried to the hospital, but died before he could be removed from the cart. On a post-mortem examination being made, it was found that he had died from congestion of the brain, brought on by the excessive heat of the sun.

Sir Robert Hervey, Bart., master to the Prince of Wales's harriers, whilst riding out on Thursday night, was thrown from his horse into a ditch. The animal shied at a perambulator, fell on him, and laid on Sir Robert for a quarter of an hour. The hon. baronet has two broken ribs and other injuries.

The following was the result of the sailing matches of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club which were sailed on Thursday in the Mersey:—First-class Yacht Race—Mosquito, 1st; Phyrne, 2nd; Marinetta, 3rd. Second-class Race—Muriel, 1st; Glance, 2nd: Exema, 3rd. Race for Third-class Yachts—Lizzie, 1st; Kittiewake, 2nd; and Sattanella, 3rd.

At the meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Mr. Vulliamy, the superintending architect, read a communication from Mr. C. H. Rea, of Wandsworth, requesting the sanction of the Board to the name of "Lothair" for a new street in the locality. The application was agreed to.

At one of the "Punch" dinners, where a relative of Sir Robert Peel's was present, Mr. John Leech happened to suggest a bowl of Punch for a wind-up, saying, "We only want the whiskey and water, for we have the *Lemon* and the *Peel* ready to hand." "Ah!" said Mr. Lemon, "I am afraid those ingredients lack spirit." "Pooh! pooh!" exclaimed Jerrold, "everybody looks upon *Lemon-aid* as a capital substitute for *Spirits!*"

Judgment in the long-pending case of Phillips *v.* Eyre was given on Thursday, in the Court of Error. The plaintiff sued the late Governor of Jamaica for damages for an assault committed during the outbreak of October, 1865. Mr. Eyre pleaded that by the passing of an Act by the Colonial Legislature, and assented to by the Crown, he was indemnified. The Court of Queen's Bench held that this was a good defence to the action, and the judges of the Exchequer and the Common Pleas have, on appeal, unanimously affirmed the decision.

A man of very respectable antecedents, named Bruneau, aged 45, an employé in the Tribunal of Commerce, was tried in Paris, a day or two since, for embezzling a sum of 30,000f. His counsel, M. Carraby, begged hard that the case might stand over for a week, within which time the money would be forthcoming, but the Court was inexorable. It appeared that the prisoner was a victim to the delusion that there is a system by which money may certainly be won at gaming tables. He had been talking over a system with a friend, who assured him that there was a progressive method infinitely preferable to that of d'Alembert, by which he would be sure to break the bank. Being a mathematician himself, he satisfied himself that the calculation was correct, and took the express train for Baden Baden with the 30,000f. which did not belong to him, nothing doubting that in two or three days he would return with treble the money. He, however, found, as he said in a letter read at the trial, that the "brutality of chance" did not respond to the calculations of the closet, and he lost the whole of the 30,000f. His advocate invoked the indulgence of the Court on the ground of his two great confidence in mathematics; but the judges were inexorable, and sentenced the prisoner to four months' imprisonment.

The distribution of our day during the hottest part of the season will certainly bear no favourable comparison with that in vogue among our gay neighbours. We shut up our parks at nine or ten, and allow ourselves to be expelled from a comparative paradise, at the hour fittest for its most intense enjoyment, into a grim stone wilderness, through which we wander unblest and gasping, seeking in vain a resting-place or a breath of country-flavoured air. In Paris they then drive, ride, or walk, according to their means or humour, into the Bois about eleven p.m., and linger by the lake, or lounge through the long archways of foliage till the smallest of small hours. The drive by the water-side is most crowded between eleven and twelve, when you may see four and five lines of carriages and cabs, moving slowly up and down, filled with gaily-dressed ladies, *belles* of the *coulisses*, *bourgeoisie* of all sorts, and merry family parties, laughing and joyous with sheer exultation at the coolness of the air and the genuine beauty of the scene. The island, and the lake itself, are covered with lights; for adventurous *canotiers* greatly affect slow paddling about at midnight, and deck their craft with coloured globes of light, or Chinese lanterns, which look like huge uncut gems, mysteriously glowing. These move solemnly along the surface of the water—you cannot see the boats—and are reflected, in softer hues and less distinct outline, from the silky bosom of the black lake. The glare of many carriage-lamps reveals every now and then a fair face or graceful form; the most matter-of-fact equipage or toilet is poetised by the uncertain light, and one is charmed by a passing glimpse of people and things that could ill sustain the analytical process of a steady stare by daylight. If one leaves the main Wood, there are some fifty miles of bosky lanes, available for vehicles, within the purlieus of the Bois—you may, within five minutes of your divergence from the main road, revel in a solitude as complete as that enjoyed by Juan Fernandez ere Daniel Defoe discovered him, and gave him a copper-coloured familiar. The heat, roar, and bustle of Paris are, to all visible and audible intents and purposes, as remote from you as though you were in the Great Desert or the wild steppes of Southern Russia. You have got clear away from the annoyances of civilisation, whilst keenly experiencing its benefits, and are a good deal safer, so far as your life and property are concerned, than you would be in Bayswater or St. John's-wood at the same hour.

The Grumbler.

HAVE no patience? Well, perhaps, I haven't much—certainly none with mushroom people of means, who despise mind with limited means—a sort of grand fungi of modern society, or rather people who having rapidly risen from the grub state of want now flaunt as butterflies in the sunbeams of fashion. Who am I driving at? Why the Hookem Snivеys! but you need not tell them so. Thought I dined with them last Thursday? So I did, and an excellent dinner they gave, if the conversation had but been half as choice as the wines. What was it, then, that has disturbed my bile? Wait, and I'll tell you. Who are the Hookem Snivеys? Who was Hookem Snivey the first? Why, a clever old card, who sold slate pencils from a box hung round his neck to the passengers of the coaches that used to start from the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, years ago. Having by industry, perseverance, and importunity, amassed money somehow, we next hear of Hookem Snivey & Co., Little Britain, soon after the Railway mania, becoming a somewhat important house in the mercantile world. Charbon, Grit, & Co., of Newcastle, having obtained the large contract for coals for the Southern Confederate Government, Hookem Snivey & Co. instantly shipped off every coal-scuttle from Europe they could procure, ran the blockade, and six months later, Hookem Snivey, Junior, purchased the lease of that eligible and commodious modern mansion, No. 202, South Kensington Gore, where he and Mrs. Hookem Snivey now give magnificent dinners, not from hospitality, but ostentation—whose tables groan with plate that belonged but a few years since to a duke or marquis, and which was procured a bargain, because Disappointment or Falsetto were nowhere in the Derby instead of being first—whose library shelves are resplendent with the works of sages, bound in Russia, while the reading of their proprietor has been confined to ledgers bound in calf. Who, in fact, have a contempt for everything poor, and for everybody in particular who hasn't a till, or has not a banker and a good balance in his hands. But all this has nothing to do with me? Well, perhaps it hasn't much—nay, any more than that their eldest son should have been christened Algernon Mountjoy St. John Hookem Snivey, because old Lord Mountjoye, who hasn't a farthing, borrowed £500 for three months, some fifteen years ago, from Snivey, junior, and kindly condescended to stand sponsor for the boy. 'Tis to be hoped the old peer has honoured his promises, made at the baptismal font at the christening of the lad, better than he did the promissory note, which lies still unreclaimed in the left-hand drawer of the library-table of No. 202, South Kensington Gore. Have no seat in the country? No, none at present; but Snivey annually rents some half-dozen moors in Scotland that an archduke or English prince might vainly sigh to bid for. Mrs. Hookem Snivey is really a most charming, pretty, and thoroughly ignorant lady. Worth makes all her dresses, and her girls will doubtless be beauties, and make good marriages. I have heard my mother say, that when my eldest brother went to sea, he was indebted to Mrs. Snivey's mother in the contemptible sum of nineteen shillings and sixpence, for the getting up of sundry things called linen, and that there was some little difficulty about it; but my poor brother was always reckless, thoughtless, and extravagant, and very particular about his shirts; and I have no doubt the ancient mother of the female line of the Hookem Snivеys was as worthy a person as the mother of the Grachii, and probably compulsorily far more industrious. An ill-natured remark, is it? Well it may be; but 'tis true, and that is more than Mrs. Hookem Snivey's remark was to me at dinner on Thursday. What was that? Why, so ignorant, nay, incredible, I can hardly with patience repeat it. I was *àpropos*, or rather *mal-àpropos*, speaking of the genius of that master-mind, Charles Dickens. "Oh, Mr. Growler," exclaimed Mrs. Snivey, "you don't mean to say you admired Charles Dickens as a writer—everything he wrote was vulgar." "He couldn't pourtray a gentleman, or even genteel society," said Hookem Snivey. "How about the Veneerings, your own set," I replied. "Oh! you don't call them good society, or at any rate, our set, Mr. Growler, I hope," almost screamed Mrs. Snivey, with a bitterness that told me my dinners at 202, South Kensington Grove are numbered—and when I come to think of it honestly, I should infinitely prefer dining any day with Tiny Tim's parents, and hear Tiny's "God bless us, every one," than partake of Hookem Snivey's magnificent feasts, and hear Mrs. Snivey's opinion of H.R.H., who, of course, she has never even spoken to, or her malicious, though, perhaps, not altogether unfounded remarks upon Lady Matchless' barefaced conduct at Hurlingham. To think that there should exist in wealth and affluence such beings, and calling themselves educated, who can wish to withhold even Genius to the greatest of this, if not of any other age, for Good—who have not, after the perusal of any single work, even of the immortal one who has so lately left us, felt their very hearts ennobled, and their souls elevated, by those exquisite touches of nature which his pen alone could produce, is, to me, most lamentable. Heaven help the Hookem Snivеys! and for heaven's sake, let 'em keep to 202, South Kensington Gore, and the Scotch moors, but away from becoming critics, at any rate of Charles Dickens; and when he is to be reviewed and criticised, as inevitably he will be, let the critic remember, and be what Pope has described—

> "Though learn'd well-bred; and though well-bred sincere:
> Modestly bold and humanly severe;
> Who to a friend his faults can freely show
> And gladly praise the merit of a foe.
> Blest with a taste exact yet unconfined;
> A knowledge both of books and human mind—
> Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride,
> And love to praise with reason on his side."

DRAMAS FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.

CAUGHT IN A MESH.

PETITE COMEDY—IN ONE ACT.

(*Continued from page* 195).

Mrs. Vernon. Not a soul to be seen! What is the meaning of it? *(Opens the door and announces herself.)* "Mrs. Vernon." (MABEL *rises.*) Good evening again, dear. Your excellent footman being out of the way I took a turn at his duties. *(Throws herself on a seat.)* Ah! I am a wretched woman!

Mabel. What has happened? How is it you are back so early? The ball was not a success?

Mrs. Vernon. Alas! I know nothing about it.

Mabel. You didn't go after all?

Mrs. Vernon. I went, and I did not go. I went, but I did not get in. I sat half an hour in my carriage, *vis-à-vis* to a blurred glass, commanding a back view of my coachman, with exemplary patience. At last I got tired of watching the rain trickle down his hat (which no doubt was equally fatiguing to him), and gave the signal for retreat. So we quitted the field without being engaged: and here I am, bag and baggage.

Mabel (rings). Enter JOHN THOMAS.

Mabel. Let us have tea. [*Exit* JOHN THOMAS.

Mrs. Vernon. Sir Harry has gone out?

Mabel. Yes: I think to this ball. He will not be so easily daunted as you.

Mrs. Vernon. Between ourselves, I don't think I am much to his taste.

Mabel. You are mistaken, I assure you. He has told me a dozen times that he thought you one of the most charming women in London.

Mrs. Vernon. Really? That was very amiable of him. I deserve it though, for I like him. Can you lend me a pin?

Mabel. There are some by your side.

Mrs. Vernon. I feel as if my dress were slipping from my shoulders. It is the same with everything Madame Réglise makes. I believe it is quite hazardous for a customer of her's to go into a ball-room. There will be an awful catastrophe one night. Did she make those sleeves for you?

Mabel. Yes.

Mrs. Vernon. Very nice. Very pretty. There is certainly nothing like large sleeves; especially if one is inclined to Bantingism. A fat woman in tight sleeves looks like a grasshopper—all body and claws. Do you recollect poor Mrs. Boodle? She used to be always bursting out of her dress—like an over-ripe plum. Not but what it is just as afflicting to be thin. How people can admire Miss Rutter I cannot think. She has a pretty face certainly; but it is a cherub on a broomstick.

Mabel (laughing). Shall I give you some tea?

Mrs. Vernon. No, thanks, dear. You may give me some hot water with an idea of tea-leaves and a soupçon of milk.

Mabel. Are you going to Mrs. Evelyn's to-morrow? If so, I will call for you.

Mrs. Vernon. Ah, Mrs. Evelyn! There is another beauty! With her wild head-dresses and her thin legs, she always reminds me of the Turk's Head they kill spiders with. But I think I will go to-morrow. *(Sips her tea.)* No, I'll not. I shall go to the concert.

Mabel (absently). What concert?

Mrs. Vernon. Look at me, Mabel.

Mabel. Why?

Mrs. Vernon. Look me straight in the face, if you please.

Mabel. What is the matter with me?

Mrs. Vernon. That is what I wish to find out. Your eyes are red. You have been crying. What has happened, Mabel?

Mabel. Nothing. What *should* have happened?

Mrs. Vernon. It is not for me to say. But you have been crying. You are not well. Would you rather be alone?

Mabel. No, no. Don't leave me. I like you to be here.

Mrs. Vernon. Do you mean it? Well, then, I will stay; but you must tell me your trouble. *(Mabel turns her head away.)* Listen to me, Mabel. I love you. You think me flighty, frivolous, thoughtless. So, perhaps, I generally am. But in grave matters no one can be more serious than I. I know what suffering is. I was taught early enough, Heaven knows! I know, too, what a relief it is to talk of one's troubles; and I can listen and be silent. If you want a confidante, speak to me unreservedly. It is not curiosity that makes me ask.

Mabel. I don't doubt your affection or your discretion, dear Florence; but forgive me if I cannot put them to the proof now.

Mrs. Vernon. Mole that I am; it is the blue purse. I believe I am the culprit after all. It was a frightful piece of stupidity on my part to talk about Mrs. M. I recollected it when too late. Has Sir Harry been running after her?

(MABEL *rises, turns away her head, and puts her handkerchief to her eyes).*

Mrs. Vernon. Is it possible! (MABEL *walks about the room in silence for a few minutes, then seats herself at the other end of it.* MRS. VERNON *seems to reflect; then rises, and goes to* LADY LEE, *who gives her her hand.)*

Mrs. Vernon. You know that dentists when they hurt you tell you to cry. Cry, my poor child, it will do you good. But it is impossible! No one could think seriously of Mrs. Mountcharles: a coquette of ten years' standing, with neither wit nor beauty. She is not worth your little finger. Sir Harry could never neglect you for such a nonentity.

Mabel (sobbing). He loves her, Florence! I am certain of it.

Mrs. Vernon. Not a bit of it, darling. *That's* not the solution. She is not to be *loved.* Besides, I know Sir Harry; and he is more wild than wicked. You didn't cry in this way before him, I trust?

Mabel. N—No.

Mrs. Vernon. That is well: though I am afraid he would have liked it.

Mabel. Liked to see me cry?

Mrs. Vernon. I am afraid so. I am only six-and-twenty, but I know something. How has it all come about?

Mabel. I don't know—I can't tell.

Mrs. Vernon. Tell me everything.

Mabel. You are my best friend. I will trust you. You shall know everything. Thank Heaven, there is nothing very serious to tell, after all. I had made Harry a little purse, unknown to him, and was going to give it him to-day. For a fortnight I have scarcely seen him; he has passed all his time with Mrs.—that creature. I thought my present would be a gentle reproach to him for having left me. At the very moment when I was about to give him my purse he showed me the one he received from that woman.

Mrs. Vernon. There is nothing to cry about in that.

Mabel. O yes, there is; for I was foolish enough to ask him for the blue purse.

Mrs. Vernon. Bad diplomacy.

Mabel. He refused me—and then—I ought not, I know——

Mrs. Vernon. Well?

Mabel. I begged it on my knees. I set my heart on his making this little sacrifice for me. I would have given him my purse in exchange—I offered it. I implored him——

Mrs. Vernon. And he refused again. Of course. Poor little Mabel! He is unworthy of you.

Mabel. No, Florence.

Mrs. Vernon. You are right. He is not unworthy of you. I expressed myself ill. He is worthy of you: he loves you: but he is a man. And what has become of your purse?

Mabel. It is there—on the table.

Mrs. Vernon (*taking it up*). This? Well, it is four times as pretty as her's: besides having the additional merit of not being blue. Lend it to me. I will guarantee he shall soon find it to his taste.

Mabel. Oh, Florence! If you could—you would give me life!

Mrs. Vernon (*aside*). After but one year of marriage! And with such a woman! It is incredible. Yet he loves her, I believe; and tortures, simply for the sake of torturing, as only a cat or a man can do. Something must be done, however (*aloud*); will your husband be back to-night, Mabel?

Mabel. I don't know.

Mrs. Vernon. In what frame of mind did my lord leave you?

Mabel. He was very severe, and I very wretched.

Mrs. Vernon. He will come back. Will you put yourself into my hands? I have an idea; but you must help me to carry it out.

Mabel. I will do whatever you tell me.

Mrs. Vernon. Here is the programme then. Dress yourself for the ball without a moment's loss of time, and jump into my carriage which is waiting at the door. You will not go to the ball, but come back, looking—if you can—as if you had been there. *Au reste*, you can drive where you please. To St. Paul's-churchyard, if you like it: to Kilburn-gate, if you don't. It will not be an amusing excursion I'm afraid; but you will be quite as well in my brougham as crying in that corner. Part the second—Take your purse, wrap it neatly up in silver paper (MABEL *wraps it up*), and seal it (MABEL *seals it*). I will write the address. (*Writes address.*) So far so good. At the corner of the street you will stop the carriage, give this packet to my servant, and tell him to bring it here and leave it, without a word of explanation, with John Thomas, who must be entreated, on this occasion, to be in the way.

Mabel. Well?

Mrs. Vernon (*abruptly*). That's all.

Mabel. Tell me your plan.

Mrs. Vernon. Trust to me. Hark! Isn't that the wheels of his chariot?

Mabel (*after a pause*). It is Harry. I hear his voice.

Mrs. Vernon. Be off with you! Stay, take my wreath (*taking it off*), it will save time—you can arrange your coiffure by the way. (*Kisses her hastily.*)

[*Exit* MABEL.

Mrs. Vernon (*alone*). On her knees! Such a woman! And I am afraid I must say to such a man! Poor child! To have to beg acceptance of a present made by her own hands in exchange for a gift from that creature! Oh!—what an abyss is the heart of man! (*Sits, takes up book and pretends to read. A knock at the door.*) Come in.

Enter SIR HARRY.

Mrs. Vernon (*pretending to read*). Good evening, again. Shall I give you some tea?

Sir Harry. Thank you, no. I never take it. (*Sits down and looks round.*)

Mrs. Vernon. Was it a good ball?

Sir Harry. So, so. Were you not there?

Mrs. Vernon. A most cruelly ungallant question. No, I was not there: I sent Mabel, whom you appear to be looking for, instead.

Sir Harry. You are joking, as usual, I suppose.

Mrs. Vernon (*looking up from her book*). I beg your pardon. Did you speak? I've got hold of an article in the "Quarterly" which is immensely interesting. (*A long silence.* SIR HARRY *walks up and down.*)

Sir Harry. Has Mabel really gone to this ball?

Mrs. Vernon. Of course she has. I have promised to wait until she returns.

Sir Harry. She refused to go when *I* asked her.

Mrs. Vernon. She has changed her mind it seems.

Sir Harry. Why did she not go with you?

Mrs. Vernon. I changed my mind too, and preferred staying here.

Sir Harry. How did she go?

Mrs. Vernon. In my carriage. Have you read this article on "Adipose matter"? If not, I can recommend it.

Sir Harry. Eh?

Mrs. Vernon. One is apt you know to grow heavy as one grows old; and there is a beautiful regimen for stout elderly gentlemen laid down here.

Sir Harry (*makes a gesture of impatience*). I can't understand why she did not let me know she was going. I could have brought her back at all events.

Mrs. Vernon (*still reading*). It will bring you back to your former symmetry in no time.

Sir Harry. But if she was there, how was it I missed her?

Mrs. Vernon. You won't miss it. It is an imperceptible and beautiful decrease.

Sir Harry. You are facetious to-night, madam.

Mrs. Vernon. It is not owing to you, Sir Harry. I never saw any one so stupid.

Sir Harry. What has become of my wife?

Mrs. Vernon. Did you place her under my charge?

Sir Harry. You are right. I am very ridiculous. I will go and bring her home.

Mrs. Vernon. Like the plenipotentiaries you will never get beyond the "line."

Sir Harry. Well! I will sit down and wait patiently for her here. (*Sits down by the fire.*)

Mrs. Vernon (*laying down her book*). Do you know, Sir Harry, you astonish me. I heard you say, to-night, unless I am mistaken, that you never interfere with Mabel's arrangements, and that she is at perfect liberty to go where she pleases.

Sir Harry. You see the proof.

Mrs. Vernon. Not exactly. She has gone out, it is true; but you are furious.

Sir Harry. Not the least in the world.

Mrs. Vernon. You can hardly sit in your chair. I really had no idea you would be so annoyed, or I would not have lent her my carriage.

Sir Harry. I am very much obliged to you for doing so.

Mrs. Vernon. Excuse me, you are nothing of the sort. But the fact is, I believe that Mabel went to this ball to meet you.

Sir Harry. That scarcely seems likely, as she refused to go when I asked her.

Mrs. Vernon. Well, that *did* look odd, certainly. But you know what we women are. We will and we will not. We are the creatures of circumstances and not to be trusted. You won't take any tea?

Sir Harry. No. It makes my head ache.

Mrs. Vernon. Well, give me some.

Sir Harry. I beg your pardon.

Mrs. Vernon. Give me some tea. (SIR HARRY *gets up and pours out a cup of tea, which he gives to* MRS. VERNON.) Well! is there to be war?

Sir Harry. What the—really, I don't know.

Mrs. Vernon. And really you don't care. Nor I much. What is a European war after all if one has tranquillity at home? If one's breakfast table is unruffled, I'm afraid I could see an European convulsion without a pang; don't you agree with me?

Sir Harry. Yes—no—I don't know. You had better drink your tea. It is getting cold.

Mrs. Vernon. You've not put enough sugar in it. Three or four more lumps, if you please.

Sir Harry. You may doctor it as you like, it will never be worth anything.

Mrs. Vernon. Thanks. I must trouble you for a little more milk.

Sir Harry. Anything else?

Mrs. Vernon. A thimbleful more hot water. That will do.

Sir Harry. Le jeu ne vaut pas—it will be a miserable failure.

Mrs. Vernon. You think so?

Sir Harry. I'm sure of it.

Mrs. Vernon. Why?

Sir Harry. Because its as cold as death—and as sweet.

Mrs. Vernon. Well, perhaps you are right. Throw it into the fire. (*Gives him her cup.*)

(SIR HARRY *takes the cup and stands before her irresolutely.*)

Mrs. Vernon (*laughing*). What a droll creature you are! And so amiable!

Sir Harry. (*Throws the tea into the fire savagely, and walks up and down the room. After a pause.*) You are quite right; I am a great fool.

Mrs. Vernon. I see that the blues were confined to poor Mabel: green is evidently *your* proper hue.

Sir Harry. If you mean that I'm jealous you are utterly mistaken. Thank heaven, I have no cause, and as little inclination. What do you suppose could make me jealous?

Mrs. Vernon. Wounded self-love, my dear sir. The origin of nine-tenths of that fatal passion to which your magnanimous sex is a victim.

Sir Harry. It strikes me that our magnanimous sex has not the monopoly of the article. But it is the way of the world: sympathy for the wife and abuse for the husband.

Mrs. Vernon. Both generally well-merited, no doubt.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The idea of making a railway terminus of the Mansion House has terminated in a *mayor's nest* after all.

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXV.—IODINE.

First—

Should you e'er with Euterpe or Clio dine,
Let it be by some storm-beaten shore,
Where song may be mingled with iodine,
And each jest be received with a roar.

C SHARP.

Second—

When I on board the "Clio" dine,
I feel so beatific,
As if I'd just drank iodine,
Which is a soporific.*

TRIPLE HARP.

Third—

(1)

Last year, when my wife became weary of town,
We paid a short visit to Ramsgate for change of air;
And with us each night dined our friend Dr. Brown,
Which, as we're so intimate, was not a strange affair.

"The advantage o'er town," said the Doctor, "is this:
When thus by the seaside our snug little trio dine,
We get with our food what in London we miss,—
A health-giving breeze, charged with ozone and iodine."

(2)

When town we flee,
And by the sea,
Of swells a languid trio dine;
Nor wine nor food,
Do so much good,
As breezes charged with iodine. M. D.

When I, out hunting, get a fall,
And fancy I am bruised at all,
I then before a fire dine,
And rub in lots of iodine. DIER.

In a dream the other night I saw
Oxygen dance with iodine;
And with the bard of Mantua
The blind old man of Scio dine. R. L.

I loved a sweet quadroon, in the state of Caroline:
Her skin was like white marble dyed dark with iodine;
She kissed me twice, I kissed her once, so still, you see, I owe Din-
Ah one more kiss, which I must pay, or she'll think me cruel, and pine.

DON ROBERTO.

To Richmond Hill,
Tom, Dick, and Will
Repair, and there the trio dine;
Returning wet,
Sore throats they get,
But rub them well with iodine.

HARD LINES.

How swollen your neck is, my dear, to-day!
I must rub it well with iodine;
Come now, Charlie, be good, don't run away,
It is only babies who whine and pine.

If you do not come I shall call papa,
And he will not with him let you dine,
After the trouble you've given mamma,
Waiting about with the iodine.

I'm glad to see you intend to be good.
If the day keeps clear, and bright, and fine,
This afternoon we will go to the wood,
And will soon forget the iodine.

EMMARIA.

I've noticed on my arms of late
(I hope they will not reach my pate),
Some ringworms small, but still a sign
For me to get some iodine.

The only way to cure these things,
Is round each one to draw a line;
And you will find that pain it brings,
When you've done this with iodine.

Paint them all over with iodine,
Till like some luminary they shine,
Almost the colour of a pine,
Or like a lamp that lights the mine.

MARIE LOUISE.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXVI.—JASPER.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

* Query—Is it? I rather fear it is a scarifier.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. L.—The holder of a house at "a peppercorn rent" is obliged to present a peppercorn, on his knees and scantily clothed, to the superior landlord every two or three days. You can have any of the houses in Grosvenor-square by complying with these conditions.

PUT YOURSELF IN HER PLACE.—We must first know what kind of a place it is. What about beer-money and followers? Are artificial flowers allowed? We *must* have the first Sunday in the month.

PUSSY.—We admire your saving clause. Your health, in milk.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

COVENT GARDEN.—Esmeralda. Half-past Eight.
DRURY LANE.—Otello. Half-past Eight.
ADELPHI.—Put Yourself in His Place—The Robust Invalid. Seven.
LYCEUM.—Breaking the Spell—Chilperic—Little Faust. Half-past Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Music hath Charms—At Eight: Mary Warner—The Varsity Boat Race Seven.
STRAND.—Our Domestics—The School for Coquettes—The Field of the Cloth of Gold. Half-past Seven.
GAIETY.—Operetta—Uncle Dick's Darling—At Nine: The Princess of Trebizonde. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: M.P.—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—Paul Pry—La Belle Sauvage. Half-past Seven.
HOLBORN.—The Absent Man—Behind the Curtain. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1870.

THERE is a kind of forlorn connection between Winter and Woe. The poor seem, and are, doubly poor at Christmas time. They are hungrier, and must eat, if they can get it, more solid food. Fuel is an absolute necessity: short days make long sixes; and light, except that of heaven, is dreadfully expensive. An extra rag or two must be provided by way of an apology for warm clothing: above all, work is scarce and labour cheap. So we *do* think a little of the poor at Yule; and by virtue of special charities, and special funds, prevent a few of the catastrophes which would otherwise be disagreeably frequent among the fallen snow.

But in these warm, pleasant June days, when languid idleness feels that it could, but for ice and ROEDERER, lay by something out of half-a-crown a-day, it can hardly be possible for starvation to be stalking among us. One would have said so, at least, but for the terrible story of JAMES DUKE, which is frightening us ever so little from our propriety. It needs no lights and shadows, this little domestic drama, to become of the first order of sensationalism. It is simply that a poor, honest, hard-working, unfortunate cigar maker, has been starved into murder and suicide.

We can offer no excuse for the wretched man seeking to fly from the evils he found insupportable here, to a world his imperfect logic may have represented as impossible to be so hard as the one he proposed to leave. He should have been patient, and waited until the death he was too anxious to find had sought him. It was a grievous sin of JAMES DUKE—there cannot be a doubt of it. Yet it is possible—who knows?—that it may be more lightly visited than the sin of us who let such things be possible. Among other things that Alderman CUTE expressed his intention of "putting down," was suicide. As a preliminary step, in Heaven's name, let our Alderman DULLS put down the starvation which occasionally leads to it.

The pleasant farm at Eltham, which Mr. BLENKIRON'S skill and energy have made a household word, was pervaded, on Saturday, by the motley crowd which, twice a-year, overruns those horsey precincts. Lords and —without prejudice—legs; trainers and loafers; jockeys and jockied; men of business and men of pleasure; men with large cheque books and men with merely large appetites, were mingled in one hospitably entreated throng. The visitor who meant to give a thousand for a yearling, and the guest who meant to give nothing for a champagne luncheon, were made equally welcome. If there was a shade of extra warmth in the greeting visible anywhere, it was, perhaps, in favour of the "critics"; and, really, if a man only puts his head on one side, and says nothing, it is astonishing how easily he can pass for a judge in a horse box. The business aspect of the day was, as the return list has long since informed our readers, as gratifying as its idle side. In spite of the hysterical utterances of those Sporting Cassandras who insist that the turf is on its last legs; that there are no horses worth buying, and no money to buy them; and that breeders are fast approaching that state when a neat, uniform, and diluted gruel will be their portion,—the sale had the indecency to be magnificently successful. Taking all things into consideration it may be doubted whether so really satisfactory a day has ever been vouchsafed to the proprietor of Middle Park.

A larger total and a finer average has been attained; more startling bids and more sensational prices have followed Mr. TATTERSALL'S persuasive eloquence. But the wild rivalry of the hot-going chieftains of the plunging era could never be accepted as any sign of healthy prosperity; and was felt by every calm critic —by no one more than Mr. BLENKIRON himself—to be as abnormal as a calf with two heads. On Saturday, the ringside was held by, for the most part, a cool, practical, business-like set of men, who knew what they wanted, and how much to give for it; and whom neither emulation nor champagne cup would ever stimulate into an unadvised nod. A total of £16,405, and an average of £334 is, under such circumstances, a far more healthy and gratifying sign than twice those figures in the diving days. We accept them as a well-deserved testimony to the enterprise of our greatest breeder, and conclusive evidence of the sound and vigorous health of that *malade imaginaire*—the Turf—in which, through good and evil report, we have always been firm believers.

London Lyrics.

No. 30.

I DREAMED we wandered as of old
Beneath the beeches' shade,
What time the changing red and gold
Of warmest sunset played
Among the foliage, and I heard
The words of days of yore;—
In vain my sleep those echoes stirred—
A dream—and nothing more!

I dreamed your hand was clasping mine,
Upon your lips my kiss;
And round one finger clung the sign
That promised wedded bliss:
I dreamed we vowed nought us should part,
Nor joys, nor sorrow sore;
Each gave to each a changeless heart—
A dream—and nothing more!

I dreamed that thrifty parents threw
Cold shadows on our love,
With trustful smiles we, laughing, flew
Such vapouring clouds above:
For time should prove our love could last
Through bitterest trials, we swore,
The future should be as the past:
A dream—and nothing more!

I dreamed you left the happy vale
Where long had been our home,
And over hill and down the dale
Alone 'twas mine to roam:
At last I met you here in town,
How changed the glance I saw!
What meaned that smileless lip—the frown?
A dream? No, something more!

For then I waked, and learned how vain
A woman's vows could be,
How very, very slight the chain
That bound you once to me;
Like gossamer the fairy thrall
That held us both you tore—
Yet I would die if it were all
A dream—and nothing more!

The Man in the Stalls.

A WEEK of benefits does not afford much *pabulum* for the professional occupant of the stalls. Whatever may be the amount of advantage to certain actors, who, having acquired some popularity, deem it a safe thing to "appeal to their friends," there is a misnomer about that appeal, unless the appellant believes that he will find a friend in a large proportion of the playgoing community. Take the whole circle of a performer's acquaintance, beyond his professional brethren, and I doubt if, in a general way, you will find more than enough to fill a row or two in the pit, even if you include his cigar vendor, and the grocer's wife, to whom he has occasionally given an order. Even the leading actresses find it necessary, on benefit nights, to invoke the aid of some popular actor or actress away from their own company. Lucky for them if they can avoid seeking the support of stage-stricken amateurs. Those ambitious youth will, perhaps, take a couple of private boxes, that *their* friends may see how badly they can act; but very often some covert design lurks beneath the auxiliary assistance, for which innocent actresses have, ere now, paid dearly. Who can forget the remarkable episode in the career of the lovely Maria Foote, who invited the co-operation of the too fascinating Fitzhardinge Berkeley, then a militia colonel? What was the result?—

"He acted for her benefit—and then for her undoing."

Two beautiful little Ishmaels were the result of the *liaison*, and then Maria thought it would be advisable to cast off the colonel, and accept the honourable matrimonial advances of Joe Hayne, the wealthy creole. Joe was a schoolfellow of mine. His remarkable verdancy, associated with his attachment to a green cutaway, procured for him the flattering appellation of *Pea-Green* Hayne. He was terribly enamoured of Maria Foote. Who would not have been? Look at her full-length portrait in a charming coloured engraving still seen in some of the old picture-shop windows, where she is represented dancing, as Maria Darlington. Berkeley was not disposed to part with his beautiful mistress. As soon, however, as he heard that the negociations with P. G. H. were matured,—

"He walked away with his two little *feet*,
For the good, as he said, of their soles."

Then it reached Pea-Green's ears that he was in danger of marrying a *divorcée* who had never performed that acrobatic feat familiarly known as throwing a somersault over a broomstick. So P. G. quitted Maria—

"—— At sight of human ties, he
Went suddenly off, his visits were rare,
And the style of his letters grew icy."

In fact, he renounced Maria. Whereupon, sitting with sorrow on the cold ground between the two stools that had discourteously fallen away from her, Maria Foote yielded to the consolatory advice of prudent relations, and sought a balm for her hurt mind in the only quarter where true solace for feminine anguish (under the peculiar circumstances of a breach of contract) is to be found. Like another Mrs. Bardell, she sued Hayne in the Common Pleas for his perfidy, and, in spite of the *scarlett* blushes of his advocate, obtained £3,000 damages. Strict moralists, like the British public, are slow to discover frailty in beautiful woman. After very properly sibillating Edmund Kean for falling a victim to the wiles of an alderman's wife, they, with strange consistency, applauded Maria to the echo; and, not many years later, while in the prime of her loveliness, she won the heart of Lord Petersham, afterwards Earl of Harrington. "What shall I do," asked the very queer peer of Vestris, in the green-room of the Olympic, "to conquer that beauty?" "Make her your wife," promptly replied Madame—and the amorous aristocrat did as he was bid. He cast himself on the carpet—rising with difficulty, for he wore tights—and swore—an oath he meant to keep. Maria Berkeley Foote became Countess of Harrington, and wore her coronet with unaffected dignity to the end of her days.

The name of Vestris opens the gates to a flood of recollections. She was the first actress on record that was ever run after for her leg. It was one of those rare pieces of symmetry that

would have taken a degree in even these competitive times. I don't care to recur to her antecedents. She had a grand voice, excellent musical taste, and was a tolerable actress. There was a certain dash about her male impersonations, and her female characters were filled with a grace and ease which derived strength and interest from the songs with which she embellished them. *Pray Goody* and *Cherry Ripe* have never been sung so well during the past forty years.

Cherry Ripe leads me to Mrs. John Wood. That very fascinating person has just revived *Paul Pry* at the St. James' Theatre and makes a far better Phœbe than Vestris did. First impressions are often troublesome associates. *Paul Pry*, as represented by Liston, was an ideal character. There are busybodies and troublesomely inquisitive bores in every petty town and village, but *Paul Pry* was not a type of the race. The costume was peculiar —the phrase "I hope I don't intrude" was original —the action and incidents were absurd enough to be almost impossible. The oddity of the character, however, broadly defined as it was by an artist whose every look was provocative of mirth, made it wonderfully popular. Liston, in the broad brimmed straw or white beaver hat turned up at the sides, a sky-blue coatee, striped red cotton *breeks* squeezed into loose Hessian boots, white waistcoat, gloves always carried loose that he might drop them and find an excuse for re-invading the privacy of a *tête-a-tête*, an old umbrella, often left behind with the same sinister purpose, and an eye-glass, the better to aid inquisitorial projects; Liston, in this guise, and with these accessories, was to be seen, a penny plain and twopence coloured, at all the small printsellers, in chalk, in plaster, bisque, porcelain, and potter's clay; wherever ceramic wares abounded, and sugared cakes afforded resting-place for figures. *Paul Pry* gave a name to omnibuses, steam-boats, public-houses, and race-horses; there were *Paul Pry* quadrilles, drinks, and song-books—though *he* never sang. In short the thing was a rage, and long before Liston's death it consumed itself. Its wonted fires, it was supposed, lived in its ashes, and John Reeve, Wright, and Toole, tried in succession to fan them into a flame. The attempts were all amusing, for the actors were *drôles* who could do nothing amiss, and the piece had vitality enough in it to preserve it from putrescence. But all were mere shadows of the old substance, and provoked unfavourable comparisons in the minds of men who remembered Liston. And now Mrs. John Wood has revived the comedy for her benefit, Lionel Brough playing Paul. Brough is an excellent actor of a peculiar kind. His style is quaint and dry. There is nothing comical about his performances. They are clever and pleasing enough, but excepting when he appears in burlesque they do not provoke cachinnatory explosions. He is rather to be admired and applauded for what he endeavours to do than for what he absolutely accomplishes.

I hope that Mrs. Wood had a bumper, and that Hingston, her right-hand man, was equally fortunate. Hingston ought to have many supporters. He has long been an active agent and manager. I remember him seven or eight years ago playing Herald to Anna Bishop in America; then he became known as manager for Artemus Ward, with whom he travelled from California to New York, thence to England, where he made many friends. A man who had won the esteem of Charles Brown could not have been devoid of merit,—and Hingston's rested on his strict integrity and suavity, to which add a remarkable *savoir faire*.

Hare took a benefit at the Princess's on Tuesday last. He wisely guessed that the little Prince of Wales' Theatre would scarcely hold all the people who might be desirous of paying a substantial compliment to the man who has brought elderly gentlemen on to the stage without making them broad caricatures. Until Hare played in Robertson's comedies, and embodied the "venerable" creations in *Ours*, *Caste*, *Play*, &c., our stage old men were either antiquated fops, angular irritabilities—like Sir Anthony—or bluff, warm, stout, fat, puffy impersonators of benevolence, who plumed themselves on their downright form of speech—which was only an impertinent bluntness, associated with an egotistical assurance that all was "well" in the left region of the waistcoat—and in the breeches pocket. Hare enlisted a large number of professional brethren for the benefit performance, and they were only too happy to do honour to one who had contributed to the elevation of the profession. But he made a mistake in selecting *London Assurance*. To make that array of impossible characters acceptable needed the breadth, dash, and audacity of a Farren, a Charles Matthews, a Cranstoun Nesbitt, a Harley, a Bob Keeley, and a——so, Addison is more oily than Bartley.

Hare played Sir Harcourt Courtly after his own manner—which is far too quiet for the exaggerated *ci-devant jeune homme* intended by Boucicault. The discharge of a revolver makes a great noise in a small back parlor, but is almost inaudible on Salisbury Plain.

Alfred Wigan is determined that the world shall not forget that he knows how to *parlez-vous*. Not satisfied with playing on the French stage for Marie Brohan's good, he has got Leonide le Blanc to help him in a French piece to-night for his own benefit. He will, I suspect, appear to more advantage on the boards of the Gaiety, before an English audience, than (I will take leave to say) he did at the Princess's, where he had an audience of critical Frenchmen. *Parmi les aveugles un borgne est roi*. Mr. Wigan is deficient in the ease and fluency of our own restless Puff and Patter,—who, by the bye, I am glad to say, is delighting the Australians. The cultivation of wool and the export of tallow do not disqualify our antipodean friends from appreciating the more elegant forms of comedy. They would rather split their sides in the interest of Charles Matthews, than split their ears for a Barry Sullivan or a James Anderson.

While the hearts of playgoers palpitate at the very name of Charles Dickens, Mrs. Liston does well to revive *Little Em'ly*. Exit *Mary Warner*, re-enter Peggotty and the immortal Micawber. Going now to see *David Copperfield* will be paying a sort of posthumous honor to the noble-hearted Christian who lies where every Englishman would have had him lie—though we all could have desired an indefinite postponement of that "end" which he at least saw was hastening, and for which he had made the only true preparation.

Modesty, we have been told ere now, is the flambeau of merit. In the case of Tom Thumb the Great it is said to—

"Shine itself, and show by merit too."

Having some faith in its illuminating virtues, I expected that Signor Campana's opera of *Esmeralda* —the only new musical production of the season—would have been something considerable, the more likely as Patti was to personate the beautiful gipsy. It was not trumpeted by the press or the management. The representative of the goat had not been announced, but I did not anticipate that any difficulty would be found in procuring a biped of the requisite capering capacity while one of the Payne family was to be had. Well, the piece came out. With a vivid recollection of Carlotta Grisi and Perrot, I went to Covent Garden, prepared to be content with the music if it only equalled the prettiness of that of the ballet. I confess at once to a disappointment. Even Patti's voice and her gorgeous and most inappropriate costume could not reconcile me to the bald rubbish on which Signor Campana rests his claims to be considered as an operatic composer. Naudin sang, in a spirited fashion, one of those military airs which have been popular since Boieldieu imparted immortality to *La Dame Blanche*, in the "*Quel plaisir d'être soldat;*" but there was positively little else in the whole opera to rouse an audience to moderate enthusiasm. Victor Hugo's entrancing tale has gained nothing by this adaptation of its main features to operatic purposes.

To Christine Nilsson's majestic performance of Desdemona I reserve a column next week: and also to the *Robust Invalid*. I only received my card of admission yesterday.

The Man in Dublin.

ENGLISHMEN go over to Ireland—not, happily for them, in great numbers, unless they form part of the army—impelled by various motives of action. The capitalist goes to invest his money in land or establish manufactures and large shops; the tourist goes to see a country abounding in natural beauties, and invested by poets and orators with a thousand romantic charms; the actor to fulfil a theatrical engagement. Then there are commercial travellers, lecturers, Government commissioners, musicians, newspaper correspondents, artists, and persons of no business at all, who imagine that an opening may be found for talents scarcely appreciated in their own country. The reader may place me in whichever category he pleases. Let it suffice that I arrived in Dublin at the close of 1867, and remained there until the month of March, 1870, and that during the whole of that period I was incessantly engaged in peripateticism. Two or three months in Dublin, the same time in Cork, as many months in Belfast and other northern towns, and a few weeks in Waterford, Clonmel, Limerick, Kilkenny, Drogheda, and Dundalk.

I merely mention these circumstances that some confidence may be placed in my opportunities for observation and the accumulation of *facts*, if none can be extended to the opinions based on those opportunities.

As the Dublin hotels, which happen to be clean, are expensive, I sought apartments.

It is very natural that Englishmen should believe in pictures of other lands painted by the enlightened natives thereof. Walter Scott taught us to place trust in his vivid portraiture of Scotland, from Maiden Kirk to John o' Groats; and Charles Dickens has so faithfully limned London and London life, that one may well excuse the ardent American who crossed the Atlantic to see where Mr. Pickwick lodged, and ventured into dismal Lunt-street, with the fear of Mrs. Raddle before his eyes. [I knew the man who did this piece of research.] But he who should accept the sketches of Lover, Lever, Lady Morgan, and Miss Edgeworth, as reliable representations of Ireland as it is at the present day, would find himself woefully at fault when he has set foot on the quay where stands the ponderous Dublin Custom House. A very great and striking change has come over the spirit of the Celt, and the land of the Celt. Wit and drollery, a hospitality once proverbial, a "devil-may-careishness," a patriotism amounting to a passion, have all evaporated, and Ireland has become a comparatively grave, penurious, melancholy, wan, suspicious sort of place, well enough to visit for a very brief season, but dreadful as a permanent residence. Thomas Colly Grattan, in his *Beaten Paths*, tells us that Pat has ceased to play the buffoon since England ceased to play the oppressor. According to Pat, however, England has not yet brought her tyrannical government to a close; and we must, therefore, look to other causes for the partial metamorphoses the Hibernian character has undergone.

"What has caused a change so great as to make all the pictures your countrymen have drawn seem overcharged, if not absolutely false?" asked the writer of these lines of a respectable farmer in a western county. "Sure, it's the famine of '48," was the reply. "The fun of us wint out intirely with the *pitaty!*" And the Fenian organisation has finished what the *apis vastator* began. Mutual distrust has been engendered throughout the south and the west; and the northern and midland counties denounce a conspiracy which, by alarming residents and tourists, has utterly destroyed the retail trade and paralysed capital. All that made Ireland delightful to the visitor, literally a green spot in the waste of memory, has vanished—"its odour fled." It will no longer be an oasis in his recollection of the world's dull round. The picturesque beauty of the country remains unchanged; but man could not have been more completely metamorphosed, unless it had been possible to impart reality to the transformation scene of a harlequinade, and to invert the usual masquerade, making the gnomes and ogres supersede the sprightly comicalities. You may *do* Ireland in a few days, after the usual rushing system, guide-book in hand. You may see everything beautiful and wonderful in nature, from the Giant's Causeway to Queenstown, in a week; but try to *live* in Dublin—ah!

Say that you wish (as I did) for lodgings in Bagott, or Mount, or Pembroke-streets and their vicinity: knock at the door, or ring the bell, if it *will* ring. No answer. Knock again. Patience!

A figure appears, hair unkempt, face unwashed, hands familiar with grates, grease-pots, and pans; feet, perhaps, unshod. "What did you plase to want?"

"I see by the card you have apartments to let."

"Walk in here, and I'll fetch the misthress."

You are in the front parlour, and time is given you to survey its contents. As far as the unclean windows and the dust covering every article will allow, you discover that the carpets do not fit *that* room though they may have fitted another some thirty years since, and that the faded curtains have no affinity, and never had, with the pattern or the hue of the carpets. There is a dirty plate and a dirtier spoon on the table. "Sure the girl has forgotten to remove them." There is a pipe on the mantelpiece; evidently there is a man in the house, and he smokes. Pictures are on the walls. They may once have had great owners, but they assuredly never had any connection with the great *masters*. There are two or three books on a dusty side-table. If they are perfect, it is a marvel; more wonderful still if they have a useful tendency; probably one is *Claude Duval*, and the other *The Saxon Spy, a Tale of the '98*, flanking a *Book of Beauty of 1835*.

The landlady enters in a faded black stuff dress, imperfectly held together by a ludicrous arrangement of pins. She has the convex mouth and the blue eyes that stare as if they would penetrate your solvency or your impecuniosity. "The rent" is the pervading principle of her mind, and, therefore, the moving spring of her optics. Has she any rooms? She has a drawing-room and two bed-rooms to *set* at your service. At *laste*, one of the bed-rooms is occupied by a young man, a clerk; but he'll be going in a day or two; and if you're in a hurry, she can put him anywhere. But you are under no pressing necessity to disturb him; you only need a sitting and a bed-room, and you will breakfast at home. Charge, thirty shillings a week, including attendance—such as it is—coals and gas separate.

Well, you are installed. The appearance of your trunk and carpet bag, as assuring confiscations, gleamed in the blue eyes—failing the weekly rent. You throw yourself into an easy chair, redolent of tobacco smoke, and you order tea and toast. In due time, or rather in over due time, the tray appears. There is a pleasing variety about the equipage. The cup and the saucer are paired, but not matched; there is a flaw in the sugar-bowl, a chip at the edge of the cream (?) ewer. Don't scan the plated ware too nicely. Perhaps the spoons are portions of sets that have descended from different branches of the family, or branches of different families. That one, with the hand and dagger for a crest, belonged to the O'Shocknessys; the lion rampant was the crest of the Mulligans. You have risen from the easy chair to sit to the tea table. Take care! one of the legs of *that* chair has been off once, and is inclined, on the slightest provocation, to repeat the divorce. Mind that other chair! the back has but recently been glued together. The hostess, perceiving your embarrassment, "Take this, sir," says she, "it's all sound." You are seated as safely as circumstances will allow. Thank heaven for all things. "You've salted the toast rather too much," you observe to Mrs. Macnamara. "Salted! sure it's not salted at all! Why would I salt *cool* butter? May-be you'd prefer Cork butter?" "I certainly should, if it is fresh." "Is it Cork butter that's fresh? Oh, then it's the freshest of butter." Good; you decide for Cork butter in future.

And now, tea over, you promenade the drawing-room—a spacious apartment, once given to at-homes, drums, soirées, and *thés dansantes*, in the time of the "Ragency"—Ha! a piano; two pianos—one grand and one square! The Macnamaras, you infer, are a musical family. You can play a little with one hand, and you 'll awaken the national sympathies with "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms." You are an Englishman without prejudices. What the deuce is the matter with the instrument—the square piano? Twang—ting—tum—tum—twing—twang. Not a key gives out the proper sound, the greater number yield no sound at all. Hang the instrument! Try the other one. You raise the lid, and, in an unwonted spirit of concord, the whole of the upper part of the machine rises with it. Not expecting this result, you suddenly let the rather weighty concern slip from your thumb and finger. It comes down with a bang, raises a cloud of dust, and causes one of the legs, which had remained at an angle of 60 degrees, to give way altogether and salute your instep. At that moment Mrs. Macnamara enters to remove the tea service. She makes no further comment on the *tintamarre* than a "Sure you needn't mind them at all, at all; one of them piannies belonged to *me* late husband when he bought all the furniture; and Mr. Macnamarra, that's my present husband, bought the other a bargain, because it would do for a sideboard."

A noggin of whisky punch (dear at sevenpence) and a perusal of the *Irish Times*, helps you through the evening—and now to bed.

For years you have been accustomed to an iron tester. The days of your youth are come back, and again you find a respectable old mahogany four-poster prepared to receive you. It belonged, in days of yore, to the Duke of Rutland! The bed is hard. It is nothing; merely the mattrass placed uppermost. There is a feather bed, of an uninviting aspect, beneath; but you must put up with it. You cannot sleep on a hair mattrass. You ring the bell to have the whole thing changed. Ha! the bell-rope has dislodged itself from the wire, smothering you with dust in the disruption. You should not have pulled so hard: remember in future you are in Ireland. When you have been longer in a house where, as Goldsmith says, "Things are so so," you will walk more warily. You creep back into the drawing-room, and ring the bell of that apartment with fear and trembling. After a while, enter the landlady, pinning herself together again. She had prepared for the dormitory, and you have given her the trouble to re-adjust her drapery. You apologise, and explain your wishes. "Sure, now, and is it the feather bed you 'd be wanting?" It is. "There now, what 'll I do? The girl, a dirty hussy, is just gone. I couldn't keep her in me house. Mr. Mac's very ill of a *cowld* he got" (all the whisky he had drank was insufficient to cure it), "and I've such a sore finger on the right hand of me——." Enough! enough! the mattrass must do to-night. It would not have made much difference if you had had the feather bed, for there is a tenantry in the four-poster, which all Mrs. Macnamarra's persecutions had failed to evict; the night is their grazing time, and a stout Englishman is fine pasturage.

You are up betimes to take a quiet ramble through the sweet city of the Liffey; but your difficulties are not over. The morning ablution is not a facile operation. There is no water in the jug. Mrs. Macnamara will be on her oath there *was* water in it; but she didn't notice a great big crack in the ewer (that hussy again!) through which the element had leaked into the basin. There is no soap, and the towels are limp and skimpy. Happily, you have soap and towels in your trunk, and you manage to get through the matutinal purification, and down to breakfast, where you have further illustrations of the "shiftlessness" which horrified Aunt Ophelia—*vide Uncle Tom*. Had that exemplary female taken passage to Ireland in search of a shiftless race, or a make-shift race, the cup of her content would have been filled to overflowing. Never, since the world began, was a people created, and permitted to exist, who more thoroughly illustrated the *laissez faire*. Order, method, cleanliness, prudence, and consistent civility, must not be sought in Ireland—least of all in Irish lodgings.

Such was the result of my first night's reflections in Dublin—such was the issue of my first experience eighteen months later.—J. H. S.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

BY the ingenious device of playing on it with a Merryweather's fire-engine, the Windsor *piste* was found to be far better going than could have been anticipated; and Mr. Frail, whose resources are infinite, was rewarded by seeing his prizes contested by fields of highly respectable dimensions. The sport throughout the two days of his catering was very fair, the company, as is usual where the "manager" leads the way, being numerous, brilliant, and unaristocratically thirsty.

The racing—pleasant enough to look at from under the overhanging eaves of a straw hat—did not present many salient angles. The Royal Stakes, which attracted a *trio* only to the post, witnessed the breakdown of Perth—a catastrophe I have long anticipated,—Mr. Merry's colt, who struggled to the last with all the gameness of his sire, being beaten on the post by Mr. Jardine's clever Sauntress, whose rumoured superiority to Bothwell caused many investments to be made on her even in the face of the unbeaten Russley champion. The Eton Handicap, which may be looked upon as the event of the day, turned out a good thing for Blue Bell, who, although apparently in difficulties half-a-mile from home, came again with great gameness, and won easily from Tom-Tom; Vestminster, who was made favourite, being a dreadfully bad third. The only other incident of the day to which any particular reference is necessary, is the Nursery Handicap, which presented the, to racing men, not an unfamiliar paradox of a contest nominally between ten, yet with but "one in it"—Repose, the filly by Cambuscan out of Sweet Home, winning from end to end. The Bonny Bell filly, who carried 8st 2lb, finished second; and considering that the merits of the winner were pretty well noised abroad, she may be congratulated on the humble estimate of them formed by the adjustor of weights, who might have put 14lb more on her back without disturbing her Repose.

If the thermometer may be believed, Wednesday was even hotter than Tuesday; and it is certain that the pleasant Clewer meadows contrasted unfavourably with the silver Thames—into the tranquil waters of which every one longed to throw themselves headlong. Plungers, however, were accommodated in another way, and found their account more than once by diving. Sauntering Alma, who completely outstrode the pretty little Steppe, commenced the day well for them; and Departure, with but 6 to 4 against him, again carried the colours of a favourite victoriously. Scarboro', who was second to Mr. Payne's colt, was giving the winner his year; but the fact detracts but little from the credit of the victory, as Mr. Angell thinks a good deal of his horse, and the Glasgow-bred colt won with quite a stone in hand. The Windsor Handicap witnessed a reverse for the followers of the money; those who trusted Skipjack, last year's winner, being strangely forgetful that his then victory was hardly of a reliable nature, it being plain enough on that occasion that the real honours of the day were borne off by Alpenstock. However, Mr. Crawfurd's horse was made a great favourite; the Chester Cup winner, an even more lucky animal—an expression I must be allowed to use with some bitterness—being next in esteem. Our Mary Ann was quite done with half-a-mile from home; where, indeed, it was plain enough that Lady of Lyons was alone in it; and though Skipjack was seen in front for a short time, it was on sufferance only, her ladyship taking the lead the moment Butters let her out, and winning in a canter. For the Royal Cup, the last plum of the meeting, the French colt, Henry, on whom odds were laid, was beaten cleverly by by the good-looking Barrier; whose prowess should not be forgotten by those who are inclined to pooh-pooh Citadel as a sire.

As to Newcastle, which I hear was never more numerously attended, I am not in a position to say much, the attractions of the Plate having been insufficient to induce me to forego the more accessible Windsor. With a continuance of bad luck, which would make a Baptist dance, my champion, Five per Cent., met with an accident on Monday which necessitated his withdrawal from the big race; and Irregularity, whose rough-up had satisfied the Richmond judges that their colt had a real good chance, being also—why, I know not—struck out, I was left without a string to my bow. To speak the truth, however, I do not believe, judging from the description of the race, that either one or the other would have had much chance with Kennington, who seems to have won with miraculous ease, landing, I hope, a good stake for his lately unfortunate owner. Myosotis and Kidderminster ran good, fair, handicap horses; but a great mistake had been made with Lord Hawthorn, who ran disgracefully.

The other events of the Black Meeting must be left to the conscientious student of the tele-

graphic reports. And of Hampton, as no one goes there to see races, except of men and—well, yes, perhaps—women, I may preserve an equally discreet silence.

Odiham, Newton, and Bibury and Stockbridge (*par nobile fratrum*) will attract racing men next week; the last-named pair being entitled on every ground to precedence.

As to Bibury, after anticipating the success of Neuchatel in the Stakes, we find the Champagne Stakes, with 26 subscribers, stopping the way. King of the Forest having deservedly incurred more penalties than he will care to carry, the race acquires a reasonably open complexion, and Faith, or one of Mr. Crawfurd's dark candidates may win. The Twelfth Biennial saddles previous winners with no penalties, so King of the Forest should find no difficulty in adding it to his previous trophies.

The first race at Stockbridge proper, the Stockbridge Cup, has a formidable array of all ages from which to select the winner; the elder branches seeming at first sight especially dangerous. Yet it is hardly likely that Vespasian or See-Saw will see the post; and I am so tired of waiting for Friponnier that I give him up now, henceforth and for ever, in despair. Border Knight and Miss Dayrell are a likely pair of four year olds; and Sunlight *may*—it depends on his erratic self—prove the pick of the threes. Tullibardine, there can be little doubt, will turn out the best of the youngsters, and should press the winner hard; but I shall trust my hopes to Border Knight.

Steppe, Digby Grand, Bicycle, Chevisaunce, and Ripponden, are the cream of the public performers in the Hurstbourne Stakes, the best of which, at this distance, I take to be Bicycle, whose most dangerous opponent may once more be found in Mr. Crawfurd's representative. Yet if Mr. Graham should pull out Crinon, last year's heroine of Middle Park, there might be more danger to the publicans than with either Naaman or Dancing Girl, and as Digby Grand seems hardly good enough, it *may* be. Further deponent sayeth not.

The Eleventh Biennial is the first event calling for notice on the second day; and of the fifty moderate candidates engaged I prefer the chance of Bonny Swell, who disappointed his party rather unaccountably at Ascot, and is, I am convinced, a good horse.

King of the Forest has a 7lb. penalty to carry in the Mottisfont Stakes, a drawback which will not prevent him winning if asked so to do; and the first heat of the Troy looks also like going to Russley by means of either the Sunflower colt or the Rambling Katie filly.

As to Odiham, I may briefly express my opinion in favour of Choral for the Handicap; with the minor matters and with Newton altogether it would be unwise to meddle.

FORECAST.

RACING FIXTURES.

JUNE.

Aldershot	27	Newton	29
Odiham	28	Bibury Club	29
New Forest Hunt	28	Stockbridge	30

JULY.

Sutton Park	5	West Drayton	14
Carlisle	5	Southampton	14
Newmarket	5	Airdrie	14
Worcester	7	Isle of Man	14
Pontefract	11	Knutsford	15
Reading	12	Huntingdon	19
Nottingham	12	Kingsbury	21
Canterbury	12	Goodwood	26

THE MIDDLE PARK YEARLINGS.

The following names and figures represent the very successful result of the first of the Middle Park sales, which took place on Saturday last. The sale was prefaced by the following brief but pertinent address by Mr. Edmund Tattersall:—"He was glad (began the great auctioneer) to be able to state that he was very much gratified at Her Majesty's sale, and he had now no occasion to retract the opinion which he then expressed—that, after all, the times were not so very bad. The surest indication of how matters were going on in the world was to be found in the City. When things were dull there they were sure not to be very bright elsewhere; and he thought that there were unmistakeable signs in the City that—while there was still room for improvement—matters were turning round and beginning to wear a much better aspect than they did some time since. It was so also, he was happy to say, in the racing world. He believed that things had got into the right track; that they had got, if he might say so, a right foundation. He was happy to see that Mr. Crawfurd—who was a practical racing man—was present, and would, he hoped, buy the yearling that day that was destined to carry off the first prizes of the turf, and he thought that that gentleman would be able to bear him out in what he said—that they were coming upon better days. Now, with reference to the turf and the legislation in respect of it, of which they heard so much, he hoped they would hear no more of the question being entertained by Parliament. The House of Commons was a most excellent assemblage, but he thought even they could not appoint so good a committee as had been already selected to consider the question. He saw Mr. Beaumont present, and he trusted he would on that account allow the motion of which he had given notice to drop. At the Queen's sale they had had very fair average prices, and he had no doubt that they were about to have a good sale on that occasion. Having seen the animals which were to be submitted, he could not entertain a doubt that they would. He would now, if they pleased, at once proceed to business."

b f by Amsterdam—Sunset, by Dundee; foaled Feb. 18	Capt. Montgomery	Gs. 100
ch f by Weatherbit or High Treason—Andromaque, by The Flying Dutchman; Feb. 1	Mr. J. Nightingall	70
br c by Pathfinder—Sacrifice, by Voltigeur; March 26	Mr. Jaques	25
b c by Caractacus—Flora, by Knight of Kars; April 30	Mr. I. Woolcott	160
br c by Amsterdam—Kate Dayrell, by Wild Dayrell; April 1	Mr. Jas. Goater	150
b c by Marsyas—Saffron, by Yellow Jack; March 31	Mr. W. Day	50
b c by Dundee—Gondoline, by Mentor; Jan. 23	Mr. W. Clay	25
br c by Saunterer—Curse Royal, by Mildew; Feb. 22	Mr. R. Peck	240
ch c by Marsyas—Celerrima, by Stockwell; Feb. 14	Mr. F. Pryor	160
ch c by Saunterer—Victrix, by Voltigeur; March 19	Mr. Lincoln	100
bl c by Dundee—Reconnaissance, by Stockwell; April 29	Mr. Cross	105
b c by Blair Athol—Busy Bee, by Newminster; Feb. 26	Mr. I. Woolcott	400
b c by Dundee—Coimbra, by Kingston; March 18	Mr. Jaques	220
b c by Marsyas—Fanfaronade, by Gameboy; March 15	Mr. J. Reeves	300
b f by King John—Ada, by The Knight of St. George; Feb. 4	Mr. Ruben	40
ch c by Marsyas—Penelope Plotwell, by Stockwell; Feb. 24	Mr. T. Pain	105
ch c by Exchequer—Contadina, by Newminster; Mar. 11	Mr. F. Pryor	210
b c by Saunterer—Esther, by Touchstone; Feb. 18	Mr. Cross	90
ch c by Weatherbit or High Treason—Rosati, by Alarm; Feb. 28	Mr. G. Payne	360
ch c by King John—July, by Birdcatcher; March 20	Capt. Montgomery	370
b c by Blair Athol—Tunstall Maid, by Touchstone; April 20	Mr. Walker	360
b f by Marsyas—Seclusion, by Tadmor; April 5	Mr. I. Woolcott	1150
ch f by Stockwell—Lady Hylda, by Newminster; March 14	Mr. T. Brown	400
ch c by Marsyas—Bess Lyon, by Longbow; Feb. 4	Mr. W. Day	570
ch c by High Treason—Q. E. D., by Kingston; Jan. 17	Mr. Jaques	430
ch c by Thormanby—Woodbine, by Stockwell; Feb. 27	Mr. T. V. Morgan	650
b c by Trumpeter—Isilia, by Newminster; Feb. 3	Mr. T. Jefferson	1650
br c by Blair Athol—Terrific, by Touchstone; Jan. 12	Mr. Crawfurd	1500
b c by Gladiateur—Battaglia, by Ratsplan; March 23	Mr. R. H. Long	1800
b f by Marsyas—Pearl, by Alarm; March 18	Mr. Padwick	200
br f by Blair Athol—Entremet, by Sweetmeat; Mar. 2	Mr. G. Payne	220
b f by Gladiateur—Eltham Beauty, by Kingston; Feb. 1	Sir R. Peel	100
b f by Trumpeter—Lady of Eltham, by Kingston; Jan. 24	Mr. R. Peck	80
b f by Lord Clifden—Julia Peel, by Amsterdam; Feb. 28	Mr. C. Blanton	125
bl f by Gladiateur—Actress, by Annandale; Feb. 15	Mr. Crawley	230
b f by Saunterer—Triangle, by Epirus; Feb. 8	Capt. Machell	135
b f by High Treason—Sheppy Court Maid, by Cotherstone; March 10	Mr. G. Payne	50
b f by Weatherbit—Guile, by Barnton; March 1	Mr. Walker	60
b c by King John—Delight, by Birdcatcher; Jan. 19	Mr. Nightingall	160
b c by Saunterer—Feodorowna, by Kingston; Jan. 24	Mr. Tattersall	620
br f by Ely—Beatrice, by Birdcatcher; Jan. 23	Mr. G. Payne	210
br f by King John—Elspeth, by Birdcatcher; Jan. 31	Mr. Crawfurd	720
ch f by Forager—Miss Erskine, by Loup-Garou	Mr. Nightingall	106
b f by Marsyas—Rose of Kent, by Kingston; March 28	Capt. Machell	300
ch f by Marsyas—Agra, by Birdcatcher; Feb. 2	Mr. T. Jefferson	660
br c by Saunterer—Fayaway, by Orlando; Feb. 12	Mr. Christopher	130
b f by Blair Athol—Molly Carew, by Wild Dayrell; March 12	Mr. Dawson	150
b f by Gladiateur—Lady Chesterfield, by Stockwell; April 18	Lord Vivian	150
br f by High Treason—Isabel, by Hobbie Noble; Feb. 5	Mr. R. H. Long	210
Total		16,405

The following table shows the prices realised at the various sales at Middle Park since 1856:—

Year.	Lots.	Total.	Average.
1856	13	1,407	108
1857	23	2,691	117
1858	22	2,194	100
1859	23	2,396	104
1860	31	3,945	126
1861	37	9,559	258
1862	33	7,746	235
1863	41	7,917	193
1864	43	11,855	257½
1865	45	14,401	320
1866	42	19,120	455
,,	22	7,125	323
1867	42	19,120	466
,,	35	12,620	360
1868	46	13,910	296
,,	42	6,930	165
1869	53	12,640	243
,,	35	4,930	141
1870	49	16,405	334

Fun of the Day.

(From *Punch*.)

A LAME CONCLUSION.—A member of the Junior Swellton has likened the Reform Club to the Orthopœdic Hospital, on the ground that it is chiefly open to reform club feet.

HOW TO ENJOY A NICE EM-BRACING DAY AT THE SEASIDE.—Get on board a pleasure boat, and let her hug the shore.

LE SPORT.—A cockney sportsman, wishing to introduce hare hunting into France, is seriously meditating a work on the subject, to be entitled, "Arrière-pensées; or, Thoughts on Keeping 'Ariers." His *nom de plume* will be *Le petit Jean du* Jockey-Club.

READY, AYE READY! An old gentleman of 70 was going to be married to a girl of 17. One day a friend surprised him tenderly embracing his intended. "I don't wonder at your astonishment," said the young lady readily to the intruder, "you don't generally expect to find old heads on young shoulders." The marriage was broken off.

GRINNING AND BEARING IT.—"We all owe something to our country," said the Briton, who went abroad without having paid his income tax.

(From *Punch and Judy*.)

A contemporary speaks of the Fenian raid as a "Two-penny Halfpenny War." We have never yet become familliar with this term, though we have frequently heard of a Threepenny-Peace.

A WIFE'S "SETTLEMENT."—Knocking out her brains!

"Prey—don't!" as the rabbit said to the weasel.

"A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING."—This is obviously rubbish. Suppose the cat's blind, and there happens to be a Regency. Bosh!

(From the *Tomahawk*,)

It is rumoured that *Punch* is shortly to become a comic paper.

(H)EAT OF THE WEATHER.—Strawberries and cream.

(From *Will-o'-the-Wisp*.)

Mr. Holler, the Englishman who was by a mistake confined all night last week in the catacombs at Paris, was let out next morning by means of a *skeleton* key.

A PARADOX.—When you *catch* your breath you *lose* it.

A SELL.—Having to pay after your boots have been sold.

A PLEA FOR BAD TEMPER.—How *can* a troublesome tenant avoid being "put out" when evicted by his landlord?

Dancing-masters, if heads of families, are fathers and stepfathers at the same time.

Why should Arabs not be subject to insanity? Because they are a nomad (no-mad) race.

(From *Fun*.)

SHOP'S THE WORD.—Silkston Wailsend is a captain of volunteers—the moment he mounts, his horse commences to cara-cole.

A PEN-FEATHERED NOTE.—Our prisons should never be built with wings—the gaol-birds might fly.

A GREAT FACT CROPS UP.—Amateur gardeners are the most generous of men—it is a pleasure with them to "fork over" their grounds.

Audi alderman partem—as the schoolboy rendered "the voice of the turtle."

A THOUGHT OVER A SALMON CUTLET.—Spring brings the cuckoo—better still, the cuckoo'mber.

(From *Judy*.)

The poor dear man who took to glasses, became a frightful spectacle. History does not relate whether the glasses were empty ones.

If a tailor agrees to put braid on a coat, does he always consider the agreement binding?

THE GREAT ST. STEPHEN'S HANDICAP.—What wins in 1870?—Not *King*craft, but *Priest*craft.

Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Prospective Arrangements. THIS EVENING (Saturday), June 25, will be performed (fourth time in England) Campana's New Opera, ESMERALDA. The libretto by Signor Cimino. Esmeralda, Madame Adelina Patti; Estella, Mdlle. Scalchi; Una Vecchia, Mdlle. Anese; Claudio, Signor Graziani; Tristano, Signor Caravoglia; Due Poveri, Signor Rossi, Signor Casaboni; Un Frate, Signor Fallar; and Febo, Signor Naudin.

Next Week there will be Six Performances.

Extra Night.—On Monday Next, June 27, LA SONNAMBULA. Madame Adelina Patti, Signor Bagagiolo, and Signor Naudin.

On Tuesday Next, June 28 (for the first time this season), UN BALLO IN MASCHERA. Signor Mario, Signor Graziani, Madame Vanzini, Mdlle. Scalchi, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Capponi, and Mdlle. Titiens.

Extra Night.—On Wednesday Next, June 29, LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO. Signor Larocca, Signor Ciampi, and Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi. After which, the two principal Acts of MASANIELLO, including the celebrated Market Scene. Mdlle. Blanche Ricois, Signor Graziani, and Signor Naudin.

Extra Night.—On Thursday Next, June 30, DON GIOVANNI. Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Vanzini, Signor Mario, Signor Graziani, Signor Ciampi, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Capponi, and Mdlle. Titiens.

On Friday Next, July 1 (first time these two years), Auber's Opera, LE DOMINO NOIR. Angela, Madame Pauline Lucca (her first appearance in that character).

The Opera commences at half-past Eight.

A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place in the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, THIS DAY (Saturday), supported by all the principal artistes of the Royal Italian Opera.

The doors will be opened at 1.15; the concert to commence at two, and terminate about 4.30. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 5s.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—Prospective Arrangements.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), June 25, Rossini's Opera, OTELLO. Otello, Signor Mongini; Roderigo, Signor Gardoni; Iago, M. Faure (his second appearance in that character); Elmiro, Signor Foli; Emilia, Mdlle. Cari; and Desdemona, Mdlle. Christine Nilsison (her second appearance in that character). Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Monday, June 27, LES HUGUENOTS. Raoul di Nangis, Signor Mongini; Il Conte di St. Bris, M. Faure; Il Conte di Nevers, Mr. Santley; Marcello, Signor Foli; Huguenot Soldier, Signor Rinaldini; Tavannes, Signor Archinti; De Cossi, Mr. Lyall; De Retz, Signor Trevero; Meru, Signor Castelli; Maurevert, Signor Zoboli; Coprifuoco, Signor Raguer; Dama d'Onore, Madame Corsi; Bohemienne, Mdlle. Fioretti; Urbano, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Margarita di Valois, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska; and Valentina, Madame Barbot.

Tuesday, June 28, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO. Il Conte, Mr Santley; Figaro, M. Faure; Bartolo, Signor Castelli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Antonio, Signor Zoboli; Don Curzio, Signor Rinaldini; Marcellina, Madame Corsi; Cherubino, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitzky; Susanna, Madame Volpini; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her second appearance in that character)

Thursday, June 30, Mozart's Opera, DON GIOVANNI. Don Giovanni, M. Faure; Don Ottavio, Signor Gardoni; Commendatore, Signor Foli; Masetto, Signor Zoboli; Leporello, Mr. Santley. The Minuet will be danced by Mdlle. Fioretti. Zerlina, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitzky (her first appearance in that character); Donna Anna, Madame Barbot; and Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

On Saturday, July 2, a favourite Opera, in which Mdlle. Christine Nilsson will appear.

Acting Manager, Mr. Jarrett.

Doors open at eight o'clock; the opera will commence at half-past. The Box-office of the theatre is open daily from ten to five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

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